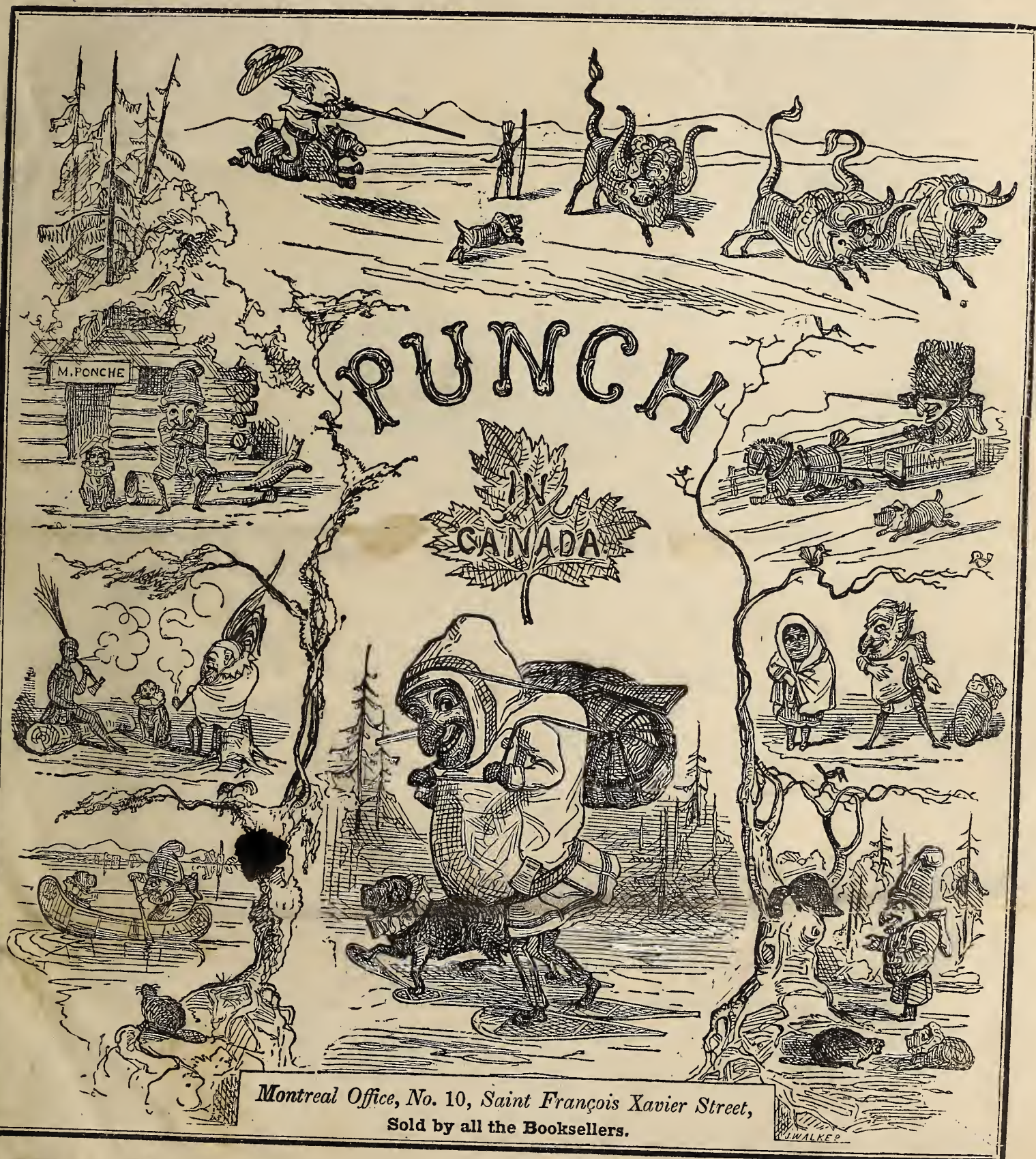


B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol 1.—No. 22.

November the 3d,

[PRICE, 4d.]



Mrs. CHARLES HILL has the honor to announce to her Pupils and friends that her **DANCING CLASSES** will open on or about the 1st November, 1849, at her residence, St. Jean Baptiste Street.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. Its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancors, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper. See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the **POOR MAN'S FRIEND**, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty years' standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scurvy eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet.

Agents for Canada,
MESSRS S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depot!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, **choice Brands of Segars**, in every variety, comprising Regalias, Pnnetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaBese adas, Manillas, &c. &c.

Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but **GENUINE SEGARS**. A lot of very old and choice Principles of the Brands of **CRUZ & HYOS**, **STAR**, and the celebrated **JUSTO SANZ**. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

Compain's Restaurant,
PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his **GRAND TABLE D'HOTE** is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured. Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine*," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

**J. WELCH, WOOD ENGRAVER,**
From London.

All kinds of Designs, House Fronts, and every thing in the above line, neatly and punctually executed. OFFICE, at T. Ireland's, Engraver, Great Saint James Street, adjoining the Bank of British North America. Montreal, July 1849.

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gazed on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;

But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz),
A Summer suit.

From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, and the well clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

JOHN MCCOY, Bookseller, Stationer, and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.—Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

A regular and constant supply of **NEW PUBLICATIONS**, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.—All the **NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS**, on hand.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of **GUTTA PERCHA COATS** received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account.

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Pelts, at 25s.

Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.

Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.

Summer Suits, 22s. 6d.

A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 7s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,

Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal

BY **GEORGE HALL**, Great Saint James Street, formerly McGill Street. Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, **FREE OF CHARGE**.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes.)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the **ALBION HOTEL**, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSELL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Lensed, for a term of years, the **ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL**, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new **FURNITURE**, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, on their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week.

WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

HAMILTON.

The most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the **Trains**. N. B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

PUNCH IN CANADA.

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a **WEEKLY** Publication.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the subscriber to the back numbers, - - - - - 7s. 6d.

Subscription for one year from date of payment, - - - - - 15s.

Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his office in Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as, on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to non-subscribers away from the Metropolis, will be increased one halfpenny to pay for the postage.—**BOOKSELLERS** "when found make a note of."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the country; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work, preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, will render Punch in Canada, as a literary and artistical publication, an honor to the Province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Montreal, October 20, 1849.

AN OLD RHYME TO NEW WORDS.

LORD Elgin would a-travelling go,
Heigh oh, says Rowly,
Whether good manners would let him or no,
With a rowly-poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly.

So off he set to Niagara Falls,
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
And on the way he forgot to make calls,
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

When he had come to Brockville height,
Heigh oh, says Rowly,
Mr. Gowan put my Lord in a very great fright,
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

So on they went to the Cataract House,
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
Where my Lord crept to bed as snug as a mouse;
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

If you please is President Taylor come?
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
No, Sir, he's sick, and has cut away home!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

Oh Lord Mark Kerr, now what shall I do?
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
If the President's cut, perhaps you'd better cut too!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

So off they set a journeying,
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
I wonder, my Lord, where they'll take us in?
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

They wandered up and they wandered down,
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
Till at last they came near Toronto town,
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

My Lord Mark Kerr go and see the Mayor,
Heigh oh, says Rowly;
And ask what they charge for their lodgings there!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

If you please, Mr. Mayor, how do you do,
Heigh oh, says Rowly,
None the better, My Lord, for squinting at you!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

What will you charge to give us good cheer?
Heigh oh, says Rowly,
Only a hundred thousand a year!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

Says My Lord, Mr. Mayor, that's a rather high card,
Heigh oh, says Rowly;
Says the Mayor, eggs are dear and our people pitch hard!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

Done, Mr. Mayor, to your terms we'll agree,
Heigh oh, says Rowly,

Just lift up the thimble and take out the pea!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

So here is an end to one two and three,
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
The Government, Kerr, and the little Bru-ce!
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

MORAL INTENDED FOR THE MONTREALERS!

Whenever you want to keep a milch cow,
Heigh oh, says Rowly!
Just milk her in peace and don't kick up a row,
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1867.—Did start with my wife for Toronto on board ye steamer "Holy Poker." When at Brockville there was much alarm, for cause that ye boiler did burst, whereby ten poor French people did lose ye life, but still ye captain does see much cause for gratitude that ye pigs and horses were not hurt. My wife being much alarmed thereby, did stop at Kingston for a day, which place hath not much improved. Did goe to ye ball-alley, in ye market place, where did play awhile with a member of ye Congress, a hairy man, who did give me much bad money in change for ye dollar bills which he did win. It doth surprise me much that men so high should act so mean. Afterwards on board, where ye citizens did stamp ye feet and play at cards all night, so that I could not sleep. My wife also did much complain. She doth say, that ye man who minds ye bar is Harry Sherwood, and that Billy Boulton doth clean ye boots, but not too well, as mine pumps do testify. I did afterwards hear Harry talk ye politics, very loud and noisy, also laughing much, as I do recollect him in ye House of yore. Billy, they do say, is weak in ye head, but harmless, as indeed I did always think him. Afterwards to drive about ye town, which hath somewhat grown, principally, methought, in barbers shops, which do seem to thrive. Then to ye arsenal, which was ye Government House, and did see ye spot where they did toss ye poor Lord Elgin in ye blanket. Verily I do think he was but a mean lord. They do say that he would play chuck-farthing with John Glass, and that he did cry mightily that they should let him go, which they did do, after that they had tossed him for a time. Altogether, I do not think this Lord did do much harm, being a vain weak man, though clever at ye Highland fling, as some do say. Also did go to ye museum, where they did show us ye scissors with which ye people did cut ye ears of ye French ministers. Afterwards to dine, and then to promenade about ye town, where my wife did buy some groceries of Mr. Strachan, a merry old gentleman who was ye bishop, and who did smoke a long pipe, quite comfortable as I did think. At night to a concert, where my wife did have her pocket picked, at which I did pretend much anger, being vexed that she should rate me so for ye dollar bills which I did take of ye Congressman ye day before; then to bed, where we did say our prayers, and kiss, and make all up.

— NOTHING. —

Punch has often had his thoughts directed to nothing. After much pondering on this abstruse idea, his immortal part impinged on the Governor General. Is he nothing? asks LaFontaine of the eurl. Is he nothing? questions Punch of the paucity of nob-thatch. Yea, verily, he is the incarnation of nothing. His ministry is something, something small, Punch admits, but still it is something. Again, Punch asserts that Lord Elgin is nothing, and Punch will prove it. Nothing can come of nothing. Evil alone has come of the "Governor General." But evil is nothing, because if any good be in a man, it is said, there is something in him; there is no good in the Governor General (stopping in Canada,) therefore he is not something. If not something, he must be nothing. Q. E. D.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER ANNEXATION.

PUNCH as is generally known, lived and breathed and had his being before the world was created. He therefore has an inherent right to anticipate the flight of his respected Father Time. This right he has exercised, and this day he publishes an article which will in another generation make its appearance on Saturday, the first of April, 1950.

THE MONTREAL HERALD VINDICATED.

A century and one year has elapsed since Punch first amused and instructed the inhabitants of what was styled in that remote period, "Her Majesty's British North American Possessions;" which afterwards joined the Union, then known as the United States; and since the disruption of that Union has become part and parcel of the state which now embraces the Western Hemisphere, the state being—a state of Anarchy. At a period when with slight exceptions, the entire continent worn out with internal commotions, is urging ANNEXATION WITH THE MIGHTY EMPIRE OF GREAT BRITAIN; it becomes a subject of curious research to discover who were the first promoters of the separation of the connexion which once subsisted between that wonderful nation and the Province of Canada. A writer in that slanderous Publication, the *Spitbox*, lately insinuated that the *Montreal Herald* of 1849 led the suicidal movement. Punch is delighted to be enabled to give the lie direct to the infamous *Spitbox*. Searching as is his wont amidst dust covered and long neglected shelves he turned up a number of "Hunt's Merchants Magazine," dated September, 1849. Be it remembered that the date which the *Spitbox* fixes for the publication of the first annexation manifesto in the Columns of the "*Montreal Herald*," is October 10th, 1849. Now in the September number of Hunt's Magazine for 1849, is an article from the pen of the "Editor of the *Montreal Herald*," on the "Commerce and Resources of Canada," from which we shall make extracts so utterly at variance with the "annexation Manifesto," in question, that no man in his senses can believe the impudent assertion of the *Spitbox* that the *Montreal Herald* advocated the absurdities put forth in the document in question. It might be argued that the *Montreal Herald* had changed hands during the few days which elapsed between the publication of the article on the "Commerce and resources of Canada," and the Annexation Manifesto, but the *Spitbox* proves undeniably that the "*Montreal Herald*" never changed hands from September, 1849, until the publication was discontinued from causes which Punch is unable to ascertain. Therefore such an argument would fall to the ground. How then can the *Spitbox* sustain his allegation that the *Montreal Herald* jumped Jim Crow on a vital question between the 1st September, 1849, and the 10th Oct. in the same year. He calls it the leading journal of the Province, states that one of the editors was a "right pleasaunte and a right merrie fellowe," and the other shrewd and sensible. Such men are not of the kindred of Esau who would sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. No! Shame retains her blush on the cheeks of such as these, and Punch will from the writings of one of its Editors, give the *Spitbox* the loud lie to its slanders against the immaculate reputation of the *Montreal Herald*.

Anxious that all enquirers into the causes of the present "ruin and decay" of his adopted country should have ample means of reference, as to its prosperity under the Crown of Great Britain, Punch reiterates the title of the ancient work:

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1849.

Art. IV.—Commerce and resources of Canada.

BY THE

EDITOR OF THE MONTREAL HERALD.

Punch in upsetting the contemptible *Spitbox*, will not quote at a greater length than is necessary to smash him at once and for ever.

EXTRACTS.

The Editor of the *Montreal Herald* in September, 1849, compares pauperism:

"It is evident, at any rate, that in this respect, Canada has a great advantage over the much-be- praised "Empire State", on the South side of the St. Lawrence."

The Editor of the *Montreal Herald* in September, 1849, waxeth facetious, and recommends the spinsters of all nations to try their fortunes in Canada, the population being in the proportion of "one hundred males to eighty-eight females." His allusion to the twelve destiny-doomed batchelors causeth an inward chuckle.

The Editor of the *Montreal Herald* in September, 1849, wisely considers the almost universal education of the people to be highly gratifying.

"The statistics of schools and school attendance for Canada West is the most pleasing part of the report."

The Editor of the *Montreal Herald* in September, 1849, waxeth enthusiastic.

"It may safely be affirmed that every steady man of the large number who have been added, to the proportion of farm servants, has a fair prospect of employing labourers on his own farm in the course of a moderate number of years."

The Editor of the *Montreal Herald* of September, 1849, having spoken of Public Lands, Progress of Population, Religious Census, and Agricultural and other property, draws conclusions:

"The comparison of Canada West with the State of New York in these particulars, is by no means calculated to encourage the idea of the superiority of our neighbours on the South of the St. Lawrence."

The Editor of the *Montreal Herald* of September, 1849, discourseth of cattle:

"We are slightly richer in Canada West than in New York, having one head of catt'le to every head of the population."

On this branch of his subject, the Editor of the *Montreal Herald* for 1849, waxeth eloquent:

"New York has been settled 220 years, and her farmers are the sons of flourishing men, who settled the same lands on which their sons reside; a great proportion of our farmers settled on the wilderness, with no other riches than stout arms and resolute hearts."

The Editor of the *Montreal Herald* of 1849, becomes pleased:

"Here is another pleasing statement. The pleasure carriages in Upper Canada, in which none are included that are ever used for agricultural purposes, were 587 in 1823 and 4685 in 1847. The population has increased three-fold—the pleasure carriages eight-fold—a striking proof of augmented wealth and comfort."

The Editor of the *Montreal Herald* in September, 1849, compares the wheat crops of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio and Indiana; and gives the result.

"Canada West, as we have seen, exceeded them all, her produce being nearly ten and one half bushels to each inhabitant."

The Editor of the *Montreal Herald* in September, 1849, leaveth the land, and goes upon the water.

"On the water, the progress of the nation has been as satisfactory as on shore."

The Editor of the *Montreal Herald*, in September, 1849, confirms the opinion of one whom Punch presumes to have been an eminent statist.

"It bears out the remark of Mr. Crofton, that in no country do the agricultural classes enjoy a greater degree of comfort, or are liable to fewer privations."

The Editor of the *Montreal Herald* in September, 1849, waxeth extatic.

"The composition of these figures and calculations have occupied many hours of labour, but it has been to us, at least, a labour of love."

Punch now asks, is the *Spitbox* convinced; can he or any reasoning animal imagine that the love of the Editor of the *Montreal Herald*, in September, 1849, could be changed into hate in the following October? Monstrous conception, worthy only of the *Spitbox*.

Having thus vindicated the *Montreal Herald* of 1849, Punch comes to the assertion of the *Spitbox*, that about that period sane men insisted on Canada being in a state of "ruin and decay." This Punch denies. If men in those days babbled of "ruin and decay," the ruin they spoke of must have been what Charles Dickens, an historian of the last century calls "blue ruin." This is rendered probable from the fact, that it is observed by that eminent writer, that "this stupefying liquid causes the intellect to decay." On this hypothesis, without better evidence than that furnished by the *Spitbox*, Punch concludes that the babblers alluded to, spoke of their indulgence in blue ruin, and the consequent decay of their intellects, and not of the "ruin and decay" of their country which all contemporaneous history proves would have been absurd.

FROM OUR WORST CONTRIBUTOR.

Jai finny,—as the alderman said when he had tucked in the turbot.

Ain't you *chilly*,—as the pepper-castor said to the vinegar-cruet.



A MOVING INCIDENT.

—TERRIBLE EPIDEMIC AMONGST THE GOVERNMENT CLERKS!—

“Here’s Mr. Smith, Sir, called about them boots!”


“O, tell him I’m unwell, Thomas,—insensible,—taking large quantities of morphine!”



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IMPORTANT NEWS.—PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

 E have just been informed, on unimpeachable authority, that a Provisional Government is immediately to be proclaimed at Montreal, as a substitute for the wept-by-many-creditors establishment which is departing from amongst us, and whose deal packing-cases,—the last deal, it is to be hoped, of the Government pack, whose shuffling has of late been so frequently resorted to,—are daily encumbering the decks of persecuted steam-boats. Monk-lands is fixed on as the seat of the Provisional Government; and Stewart Derbshire, Esquire, whose judgment in the selection of provisions is proverbial, has been elected, *una voce*, to the Presidency. The villa, which will be provisioned for a six month's siege, is to be governed by a battalion of choice spirits (and wines)—a brisk fire will be kept up (in the kitchen and principal apartments), so as to insure a warm reception to the invaders. Should any report emanate from the neighbourhood of the Presidential residence, no alarm need be felt by the citizens; as all such reports will be referable to the sudden liberation of fixed air, from tightly-corked bottles of champagne. And,—to use the language of the prize ring,—although the expenditure of elaret will be considerable, and the taps both strong and numerous, yet no inconvenience will be felt in the vicinity of the victualling office, owing to the superior style of the President in making a hit. *Vive le President!* says Punch; and may the Republic of Conviviality never find a worse head—and heart.

SCIENTIFIC AND POLITICAL.

Some light has recently been thrown upon the subject of cholera, by a series of microscopic investigations. Dr. Brittan has demonstrated that the disease may be referred to the presence of minute algide formations, generated in the viscera, each individual plant—if we may be allowed the expression—presenting the appearance of a regular cell. If Great Britain would take the hint from Dr. Brittan, and proceed to institute a microscopic search into the morbid condition of the body politic of this Colony, we have little doubt but that the malady might be traced to a source of cholera;—the fungous excrescences here, combining to form what is called a Colonial Government, being neither more nor less than a regular sell.

THE GOVERNMENT GRASS-WIDOWS.

It is, we believe, generally known that many of the gentlemen connected with the Public Offices, who are compelled by the unfortunate pressure of political events, to follow in the wake of the "strong government," have come to the determination of not removing their domestic establishments from Montreal, in the present unsettled state of the Provincial pulse. Hereupon a question has naturally arisen, as to what provision was to be made for the security as well as consolation of the disconsolate matrons thus recklessly left destitute of their natural protectors, at the commencement of an inclement and cheerless Canadian winter. Disastrous consequences were hinted at as likely to arise from the rude and ruthless separation forced upon the fair partners in the polka of life of many an official, and the dilemma would have been awkward in the extreme, to say the least of it, had not Government, with a degree of manly generosity which would be creditable to a Grand Vizier, taken the vigorous step of chartering the building recently known as the Baptist's College, for the purpose of fitting it up as an asylum for the much-injured victims of a misplaced seat of Government. The institution to which the building originally belonged is, as most of our readers probably know, defunct,—if not of cholera, at least of something bearing a close affinity to it,—a very frightful Cramp having been one of the symptoms by which its decay was attended. But could the deserted building have been selected for a more graceful purpose than that contemplated at present? Will the bowers of the Baptist be less musical than formerly, now that

they re-echo with the dulcet moaning of many grass-widows? We rather imagine not,—the very architecture of the building, which we whilome condemned as gross and heavy, seems to us to have acquired a sudden and admirable lightness—a sort of airiness, well according with the ethereal attributes of the fair creations by which it is about to be tenanted. The rough disproportion of the square columns of the Baptist College, becomes refined to a Doric elegance in the roseate atmosphere of a grass-widow's refuge,—and the hard hearted granite of the cold vestibule will grow soft and warm in the genial influence of fair weather smiles. We will not rudely violate the sanctity of the contemplated bower, by even hinting at the style of its internal arrangements,—with all the details of which, however, we are perfectly acquainted, on the kindly vouchsafed authority of one of the Ladies Patronesses; but this we feel ourselves at liberty to mention, that the general supervision of the establishment is to be entrusted to Major Talbot, who, with his usual gallantry, has nobly consented to undertake, gratuitously, the performance of the duties involved in the office of Guardian of the Grass-Widows' Asylum.

BRICKS! BROKERS!! AND BANKRUPTS!!!

The *Gazette* of Wednesday morning, says, when speaking of the cause of depression in commercial affairs:

And then bankrupts began tumbling, one man after another, like a row of bricks set up on end, when striking one bring down the whole.

We were not aware before that the mercantile community of Montreal consisted exclusively of bricks, nor that John Tully had been regularly engaged to write leaders for the *Gazette*. Some brokers *are* bricks, however, though the houses to which they formerly belonged have tumbled to pieces.

NEW POLITICAL FEATURE.

We are credibly informed that an act of tardy justice is at length about to be performed by His Excellency the Governor General, towards our Indian brethren, who have hitherto been almost without representation in the Provincial Legislature.

Three Chiefs,—Wo-was-kish, or The Jolly Old Buck, warrior of the remnant of the tribe known as the Algonquins, or All-gone-coons; Go-to-the-nis, Chief among the Chippewas of Lake Huron, and No-tax-cumsa-mis, or The Beer Drinker, Sagamore in the Huron Nation at Lorette, are to be called immediately to the Legislative Council,—an honor to which these distinguished children of the forest may well aspire, and a position upon which their well-known talents for business will be sure to shed a lustre.

From the nature of these appointments, much moral scalping may be anticipated at the approaching meeting of the Legislature, and any Honorable Member who rashly dares to contradict any assumption on the part of the red gentleman on his right or his left, will quickly find himself the centre of a war-dance, with a radiation of weapons bristling from his unhappy corpus. When a division is called for, it will be done expertly with a triad of gleaming tomahawks; and instead of an Honorable Gentleman catching a Speaker's eye, according to the present usage, he will find his own caught in a peculiar and disagreeable manner, if he does not keep continually minding it, so as not to interfere with the prejudices of the Honorable Aborigines. The process of counting the House, on a division, will, however, be less simple than formerly, owing to the difficulty of bringing together missing members,—for which the tomahawk and scalping-knife alone can be accountable. On the whole, Honorable Gentlemen will stand a chance of being quartered better than usual, this winter.

A VERY SINGULAR FACT.

Mr. Papineau has written a letter to say, that he has read the Annexation Manifesto, and highly approves of it. He thinks it almost as good as the ninety-two resolutions, and never imagined that "the Tories" had so much spirit in them. The whole of the enterprising freemen of "Petite Nation" have had it read to them, and are ready to put their marks to it. On all of which Punch has only to remark, in his usually mysterious manner—Shallabala, shallabala, shallabala!

CHAUNT OF THE GOVERNMENT BUG.

As Punch was taking his usual walk on Thursday evening, passing by the Government offices, now alas deserted, his attention was attracted by a low plaintive cry issuing from one of the lower rooms, and on taking out his spy-glass, he perceived an elderly bug which had evidently been dropped in the hurry of removal, and which was giving relief to its anguish in the following melancholy chaunt:—

The wind beateth coldly;
The day light is departing;
Not a foot treadeth;
Not a voice breatheth;
All is chilly and lonely;
Sad, sad is the heart of the mourner—
The poor melancholy bug of Mr. Leslie's office!

What will become of me?
Where shall I go now that the Council hath departed?
Cameron was fat and oily, so was Lafontaine!
Once I ranged over those magnificent pastures!
When shall I do so again?
The heart of the melancholy bug is lonely!

All, all are gone: Francis Hincks and James Leslie.
Leslie is juicy, but Hincks is horribly skinny;
Who can feed off Hincks's heels and be satisfied?
The past is a magnificent dream: Alas!
The heart of the melancholy bug is lonely!

Where are the clerks of my affections? Himsworth
And Grant Powell?—When shall I taste them again?
Where are Tom Ross and Joe Lee? Alas,
All are departed!
The heart of the melancholy bug is lonely!

Night is coming on; there is nothing for supper!
What shall I do for a breakfast tomorrow?
Ah, there is Punch looking in at the Window;
Punch of the jolly sides; will he take me to his bosom?
But what if he should pass by and leave me?
The heart of the melancholy bug is lonely!

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

The reason why John Orr signed the Annexation Manifesto is now obvious. The American merchants bribed him with millions of the choicest brands of cigars, which he is now shamelessly selling in his shop in Notre Dame Street. Punch considers this fragrant corruption. The civil and military authorities (on smoking) should at once inspect the importation, as John Orr has long been known as a dangerous man (to offend.)

THE LAST ANNEXATION SCHEME.

We understand that a new scheme for Annexation has been started, by which the Island of Montreal, including Griffintown and its numerous inland seas, is to be joined to "Ham-jam-cram," one of the Teetotum Islands in the South seas. The immediate object of this plan is to secure a monopoly of the immense crops of green spinach which the Teetotum group possess. These crops will be paid for in *étouffe du pays* coats, thus affording an immense field for home manufactures. A large trade might also be carried on in picked parrots, which are a great article of consumption, and would bear exportation. The Ham-jam-cramians are a very intelligent people, and though somewhat given to eating their missionaries, are not vicious. They have a large fleet of bark canoes, and are prepared to send a representative to Quebec, as soon as they can find breeches for him. In the meantime the Committee for drawing up articles of annexation meet daily at the *Herald* Office.

PUNCH'S POETIC DIALOGUE.

SMALL BOY.

Are those men fit to lead us on
From England's cause who fall?—
Will you please to tell me that, dear Punch?

PUNCH.

Fit! youngster,—not at all!

GENTEEL ENQUIRER.

If they should take away their swords,
Who England's honor slight,
What would you say to that, dear Punch?

PUNCH.

Say!—why sarve 'em right!

THE COMING MAN.

Peter Perry is a candidate for Parliament, and Punch is in extacies. "Wete" and "flowyer" never "roz" more than Punch did when he heard the news. Secret orders were immediately sent to all our friends in the third riding, to exert their utmost influence to secure Peter Perry's return and Punch's fortune,—Punch himself will be in the House to receive him when he is introduced—to hang upon his honied speech, and scrape him for the world's amusement. Oh Peter Perry—Peter Perry—why was not *whinkle* added to thy name?

LINES ADDRESSED TO A GREAT LEGAL LUMINARY.

Little Judge Mondelet
Sing me a roundelay,
Chaunt me a stanza of physic or law;
Anything stupid
Will do you dear cupid,
So chirp up and whistle my pretty jackdaw!

The great Mr. Merlin,
To you my pet starling,
In legal profundity could not compare;
And grave Mr. D'Aguesseau,
All the world sure must know,
Not worthy to stand behind Mondelet's chair!

O genius bewitching!
If your law was catching;
What a strange little world we should have down below.
Then no would be *yes*,
And as often I guess
The affirmative particle signify "No!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. B., go home and all will be forgiven and forgotten. Your best friend Punch thinks you have acted foolishly. Be wise in time.

TO OFFICERS OF MILITIA.

Messrs. Moss & Brothers, Army Tailors to the Fortin Dragoons, will give the highest price for British Militia Uniforms to those officers who signed the annexation address. Having sold their country, of course they'll sell their coats.

N.B.—The two Silk Gowns formerly advertised in Punch, are disposed of.

To DEALERS IN CURIOSITIES.—Wanted by an antiquarian, a Receipted Bill of a government clerk.